Poetry Writing Assignment Number Six: LIST POEMS Part II

A List Poem is a poem created from a list…of anything. The trick is to make it sound like a poem, and not like a list. Here are some tips:

* The writer is telling you something--pointing something out--saying, "Look at this" or, "Think about this."
* There's a beginning and an end to it, like in a story.
* Each item in the list is written the same way.
* They rarely rhyme.
* List poems often alternate pairs of things that seem to not go together: fruits and meats, nuts and dairy, big picture to little flower.
* List poems have a layering effect and often have more than one meaning.
* The last item in the list is usually strong, funny, and/or poignant (thought-provoking).

Last time, you chose from a list of things and made a poem. This time, you’ll create your own list. It can be a list of anything, but here are some ideas:

* A list of things that answers a question.
* A list of questions with the same answer.
* A list of lies you’ve told and lies you’ve been told
* A list of disappointments
* A list of secrets nobody knows
* A list of that follows this pattern: “I used to be \_\_\_\_, but now I am \_\_\_\_\_\_.”
* A list that describes something. (example “Home is…)

Maybe your list poem will tell a story. Maybe it will include a unique combination of sound and rhythm. There is no wrong way, though, to write a list poem. Make it unique. Make it your own. Work on your poetry moves: surprise, sound, repetition, line breaks, stanza breaks, etc.

Attached you will find a list poem that is made up of questions with the same answer. It’s called “Afraid So.” We’ve read it before. You could write your own “Afraid So” poem. Or write a list of questions with another common answer.

No matter what you choose, make it your best work. Write a rough draft, then revise, then write you final version.

**Due: Monday, November 9, 2009**

When I Count to Three

by Lauri Bohanan

When I count to three,

the toys better be picked up.

When I count to three,

the quarter will disappear from my

fist.

When I count to three,

your butt better be in the car.

When I count to three,

I'll have calmed down.

When I count to three,

the swats will end.

When I count to three,

the world will explode.

When I count to three,

the pain will be gone.

Driving at Dawn

by Van K. Brock

A dead rabbit by the roadside,

Sunlight turning his ears to rose

petals.

A new electric fence,

Its five barbed wires tight

As a steel-stringed banjo.

The feet of a fat dove

On a high black line

Throbbing to the hum

Of a thousand waterfalls.

A flock of egrets in a field of cows.

Three Great Blue Herons like

hunchbacked

pelicans in a watering pond.

The red leaves of a bush

Burning inside me.

A swamp holding its breath.

DUE DATE: Monday, November 9, 2009